

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES.  
VOL. XXXII. }

MARCH, 1880.

{ NEW SERIES.  
VOL. IX. No. 3.



*Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? — MATT. vi. 26.*

*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows. — MATT. x. 29, 31.*

For The Dayspring.

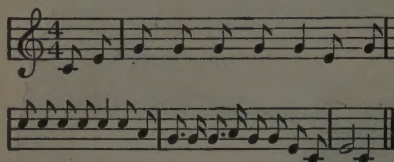
# THE WAKING OF THE FLOWERS.

*An Easter exercise for ten little children.*

[Each child holds in the right hand a tiny bell, and while singing the chorus, all the children raise right hands and tinkle the bells.]

## FIRST CHILD (recitation).

There is a "legend, quaint and old,"  
That at the earliest dawning,  
The flowers, asleep in beds of snow,  
Awake on Easter morning.



## CHORUS.

Listen to the lily-bells, listen to the lily-bells,  
Ringing out their silv'ry chimes on Easter morning.

## SECOND CHILD.

The crocus first, brave little one,  
Up through the sod comes springing,  
While blue-bird, perched on leafless bough,  
His welcome song is singing.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## THIRD CHILD.

Wee blades of grass are hard at work  
Their long green flags unfurling,  
And dandelion, wide-awake,  
His yellow hair is curling.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## FOURTH CHILD.

Red maple shakes out fringed buds,  
Bright corals of the wild-wood,  
And pussy-willow, silver tips,  
Dear to the heart of childhood.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## FIFTH CHILD.

The wind-flowers soon will nod their heads,  
'Neath sheltered banks and hedges,  
And daisies sprinkled o'er the fields,  
Unroll their fluted edges.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## SIXTH CHILD.

Trailing arbutus, flushing pink,  
Of fragrant blooms first-come,  
Will twine a wreath 'neath withered leaves,  
Like some lost dream of summer.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## SEVENTH CHILD.

Gay cowslips, too, will light their fires  
By bending brook and river,  
And birch-trees on each trembling twig,  
Set heart-shaped leaves a-quiver.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## EIGHTH CHILD.

Bright buttercup will lift its bowl  
To catch the sunbeams straying,  
And shy blue violets, 'mid the grass,  
At hide-and-seek be playing.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## NINTH CHILD.

The roses wakened from their dreams  
Of south winds and June weather,  
Unfolding leaves of tenderest green,  
Sing summer songs together.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## TENTH CHILD.

Clover will round its ruddy ball,  
Storehouse for bees to sip in,  
And honeysuckle shape its tubes  
For humming-birds to dip in.

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

## ALL.

Oh, meet it is on this glad day,  
Earth bursts from Winter's prison;  
"Let every living thing rejoice,  
For Christ our Lord is risen!"

CHORUS. — Listen to the lily-bells, &c.

RUTH REVERE.

For the Dayspring.

## TALKS WITH MY CHILDREN.

### *The Magnet.*

BY WALTER N. EVANS.



COME, boys and girls, I have something wonderful to show you, and something still more wonderful to tell you. Come, Nevil and Percy, and bright-eyed Mabel; yes, and you, too, you little, "airy, fairy Lilian," with your wee, thoughtful face, and your soft white hair; perhaps something may be here which will reach even your little mind, away beyond those dreamy eyes.

So Lily, the baby of two and a half, sat on her high chair next to her Papa, supported on the other side by her laughing brother, Percy, a merry "Kindergarten" boy of six; whilst opposite to them sat Nevil and Mabel, aged respectively, ten and eight years.

And now what do you think I have in my pocket? It is not very large, but, as I said before, it is very wonderful. No, Lily; it is not a dollie; nor yet, Master Percy, is it a ball, or a cube, about which you talk so wisely and so well. What is this? And as I draw the instrument from my pocket, the three elder children answer at once, "It is a magnet!" and they are right—a horse-shoe magnet; and this little piece of bright iron, which sticks to the magnet so fast, is called the "keeper." Try to pull it off. Ah! Now you see how it holds on.

Mabel has a copper, and Nevil a silver dime, and they try if the magnet will hold these; but no, it will not. Neither has it any more power over some strips of colored paper, with which Percy has been weaving at his Kindergarten. The mag-

net only attracts iron, and steel, which you know is made of iron.

What do I mean by attract? To attract is to draw. See. Put this "keeper" upon the smooth table; now bring the magnet gradually towards it, and—there, see how the keeper jumps to the magnet and sticks to it so fast. The magnet drew it, attracted it. There is something goes out from the magnet, that we can neither see nor feel; but yet something that is very real, because we see it can do something. It is called *magnetism*. Now magnetism is a *force*, and you see how strongly this force acts upon iron.

There are many forces at work in the world; and there is one of these about which I should like you to understand, which can be made easier to your young minds if we study it with the magnet before us.

When in the morning we kneel together, and say that beautiful prayer beginning, "Our Father," perhaps you have sometimes wondered where that Father is, that you cannot see Him; and how he can answer our prayers, when we cannot feel His presence with us. You have been taught that He is a spirit, and cannot be seen; and you have tried to think how He can touch our spirits, and help us to be good and true. Perhaps the magnet will help us to know a little about it. Though wise men tell us that this force of magnetism has a great effect on almost every thing that is about us, yet we can only see the effect it produces on iron and steel. So God's spirit acts upon all, as it created all, and takes care of all; but we can most readily feel its action upon our spirits.

Now see how this magnet attracts, and holds to itself this piece of iron called the "keeper." Just so does our Heavenly Father attract the spirit of the man and



the woman, the boy and the girl, and keep them close to Himself. There is one great difference, however, between our souls and this piece of iron. Our souls are living, and have powers of their own; which the iron has not. Now our Father has, as it were, put a door in our hearts; and this door we may close against Him, if we will; but unless we close it, He will come to us there, and make His presence felt there. The iron, however, cannot close itself against the power of the magnet. But, if the door of the heart be open, God will come and draw our spirits by and to His spirit, as the magnet draws the iron by and to itself.

Now, Nevil, my boy, open for me that small packet of tacks. I put my magnet in among them, and see how they cling to it; and not only to it, but to each other; for see, here are many tacks which do not touch the magnet, but which stick quite firmly to other tacks. Why, you can make quite a long string of them. The tack that is next to the magnet, becomes itself a magnet, and so on for a number of tacks; the force goes through them, and binds them all together. Just so the soul which lives close to God, by prayer, by purity, by love, itself receives of His power, and in turn attracts other souls; and so they help each other, and God helps all; and they are bound to Him and to each other by a tie which is very strong and lasting, though it cannot be seen or handled.

Again, this keeper, which is made of soft iron, has some of the power of the magnet, even when taken away from it. You see, it will lift this needle. But if we leave it away from the magnet for only a few days, it loses all that power. Any small piece of iron has some power whilst it is close to the magnet, but loses it as

soon as it is taken away. If Mabel will now lend me the bright little knife out of her work-box, I will draw the magnet over it, and you see it has already received some of the power and will lift a needle or a steel pen. This power will remain in your knife, and the more you use it the stronger it will become. Now, Master "Kindergartener," do you want to know why the force will remain in the knife and not in the iron? It is because the knife is made of steel; that is, iron that has been put through the fire and melted, and refined, and tempered. There is many a soul that thinks it can hold fast to God and goodness, when it lives in easy times; and so, for a time, it does; but when trouble comes, it loses its trust, falls away, and all its power of helpfulness is gone, as the magnetic power is gone out of this soft iron. But the soul that has nobly borne the trials of life, that has been melted by sorrow, and hammered by hard times; this soul is purified like the steel; and the blessed presence of the Father never leaves it; but every trouble binds it more firmly to God, whilst His spirit shows itself more and more plainly in that soul; and thus it becomes a strong and constant power of good to others.

Please give me that keeper, little Lily. Papa wants it. And Lily, as she hands it to me, asks, "Why?" How often does she say that little word, when I can give her no answer! But I can answer her "why" this time. You see, when it has no keeper, the magnet has really nothing to do; and so, by degrees, it would lose the power it has. But when we put on the keeper, it keeps hard at work to hold it more firmly to itself; and so, in reality, becomes stronger instead of weaker.

You know when poor Nevil there got out of bed after that long illness, he could

scarcely stand; his limbs had not been used, so they became weaker and weaker. And when he was strong enough to join you again at the gymnasium, you know how soon he regained all his old strength and more, too, by the proper use of his muscles. And just so this real self within us, which we call the soul, but which is our *self*, requires to be about some good and holy work, or it will lose its God-given powers, and become weak and useless. It is the soul that loves, that wills; it must go on loving the holy and the pure, and willing the useful and the good, or it will sink lower and lower, till it can neither love nor will to any noble purpose.

Any bar of iron may be made magnetic; and any soul may be touched by God's spirit. "How can we tell whether a bar of iron has been magnetized?" A very wise question, my Mabel. Run and fetch me the little poker from the stove, and I will show you. Well done! You were not long. Now place it against these tacks. Do they stick to it? No! Put it to these needles; do they hang to it? No! Ah, then, you may be sure it is not magnetized, because it will not do the work of a magnet. And just so do we know whether the soul has been with God, and is filled with His spirit. Will it do God-like work? Will the child be loving and obedient to his parents, affectionate to his brothers and sisters? Will the man or woman stand boldly for the right, the pure, and the good? will they put aside their own comfort that they may be useful to others? will they think more of duty than of fashion; more of the right use of their talents than of getting rich? If they are of God, they will be doing God's work.

I spoke to you of the little door in the heart, which we may bar against God, or leave open for His entrance. If you leave

it open, be sure that He will come to you through all the obstacles that may be round about. There is the lid of a box made of cardboard. I put this steel bodkin inside it, and holding it straight up before you, you see how the bodkin rises, or goes from side to side. It is because I hold the magnet behind the lid. Its force penetrates the obstacle and attracts the bodkin. Be sure that the spirit will come to you, if you wish, through all that may be in the way; and it will help you to draw nearer and nearer to itself.

If I hang this magnet to the ceiling in such a way that it may turn about quite freely, by the time it becomes still you will find this side of it pointing to the north. If I magnetize this little needle, and then place it upon a piece of floating paper in a bowl of water, it, too, will point to the north. This is the way in which the mariners' compass is made, by which men are able to find their way across the great sea. Out on the sea of life we need guidance; and we may have it amid all life's storms. Silent and unseen as the magnetic influence, is the work of the spirit. And as the magnetized needle points to the north, so does the soul which has been with God, and retained His spirit, point unerringly to Him and to that Heavenly Kingdom for which it was created, and toward which it is ever sailing.

Open your hearts, then, to God, and He will come and dwell in them, and draw you nearer and nearer to Himself!

"Take my heart, O Father! mould it  
In obedience to Thy will;  
And, as opening years unfold it,  
Keep it pure and child-like still.

"Ever let Thy might surround it,  
Strengthen it with power divine;  
Till Thy cords of love have bound it,  
Father, wholly unto Thine!"

For The Dayspring.

## THE ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

### INSECTS.

#### G.

THE letter G, — two claimants come for that:  
The one is Grasshopper, the other Gnat.  
Gnat and mosquito are about the same;  
'Tis not in bite they differ, but in name.  
Pleasant would be (perhaps) this creature's hum,  
Did we not tremble at the sting to come.  
Strange that a thing almost too small to see  
Should cause creation's lord such agony!  
Should make the reindeer writhe with anguish sore,  
And even the forest-monarch roll and roar!  
A midge the lion into rage can fret, —  
A gnawing mouse release him from the net;  
What mighty power to harm or heal there lies  
In things almost too small for human eyes!  
Yet nothing evil the good God brings forth;  
Each thing for some good end is placed on earth;  
And things that now bring only grief to man  
Will prove one day their place in Heaven's kind  
plan.  
In books of Natural History, we read,  
The race of gnats upon the water breed.  
There, for a little while, the infants float,  
Each swathed securely in its cradle-boat;  
But soon, arising from their prison there,  
They soar away, and sail the sea of air.

By reading "Natural History" you'll find  
It is the female gnat that plagues mankind.  
'Tis eloquently stated in the books  
Just how she dresses and behaves and looks.  
But these Miss Gnats (I use the milder name)  
We cannot, after all, so greatly blame.  
The long-nosed sylphs, that come on silken wing  
Around our beds their serenade to sing —  
They sing, and fain would sip, for why should they,  
Alone of singers, not expect their pay?  
But these nocturnal guests, we seldom find,  
Receive the thanks and blessings of mankind.  
'Tis hard for mortals, in their drowsy state,  
The rights of tiny folk to estimate;  
But when, in some soft eventide of spring,  
We mark the insect tribes on joyous wing,  
As in a pensive mood our walk we take  
Along the margin of a tranquil lake,

Then do the swarms of gnats in evening air  
Claim in the general song of praise a share.  
As o'er the pool they hang on gauzy wing,  
The blessing of existence they too sing.  
The thoughtful traveller, pausing on his way,  
Shall watch their sports and mark their glee, and

say,

"How good is He who fills each tiny breast  
Of all these myriads with such joy and zest!"  
Then shall he go his way with grateful love  
To the Eternal One, Who from above  
Sends down His Spirit breathing joy and mirth  
Through the minutest tribes that people earth.

C. T. B.

### COURAGE.

IF I were a boy again, I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate courage as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on conduct. Too many of us now-a-days are overcome by fancied lions in the way, lions that never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at, and if we are hunting for terrors they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. In America we are too prone to borrow trouble and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear." Abraham Lincoln once said he never crossed Fox River, no matter how high the stream was, until he came to it! Dangers will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate and there is no harm to be feared. Achilles, you remember, was said to be invulnerable, but he never went into battle without being completely armed!

—James T. Fields.



For The Dayspring.

## LITTLE COLD HANDS.

BY CARRIE G. BRIGHAM.

QUEER name, isn't it, children? Very queer, but that is all the name I can call the little midget I met one morning while walking down Tremont street. Such a queer little midget!—with a little lad trudging beside her, but *he* walked along very fast and did not seem to mind the cold at all, which is so like some boys I know. But "Little Cold Hands" was crying pitifully, and when I stopped and asked her "why she was crying," she said, "My hands are cold," and looked into my face with so beseeching an expression that I took the little cold hands and put them into my warmly-lined muff and held them there; soon the little face grew brighter, and the tear-drops stopped trickling so fast over the little pinched face, and "Little Cold Hands" and I had a merry chat while we walked along. Oh, how cold it was! But I held the little fingers so closely in my own, until we came to a little, low, dark alley-way, then "Little Cold Hands" left me, but the little cold hands were warm once, and as I went home, I thought of how many, many "cold hands" there were in the city; and how thankful the little readers of this paper should be that they have not the name of "Little Cold Hands." Ah! did "Little Cold Hands" have a mother to take the chilled fingers to her own, and would she cuddle so closely the little girl? I wonder if my little readers know any little girl by that name? Do any of them live on your street? Perhaps you remember how cold your hands are sometimes, and still you have mittens. Now, don't forget any little cold hands you may meet.

## HUMOROUS.

LITTLE Susie was standing by the window pulling hairs out of her head and examining them very curiously. Her mother observed her and said, "What are you doing, Susie?" "Why, I am trying to find the numbers on my hair." Having heard that the hairs of our head are numbered, she took it literally, no doubt thinking it was in the same way as machine needles.

A teacher, endeavoring to familiarize a little girl with the various countries of the western hemisphere, with little evidence of success, finally asked: "If I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go through at this end, where would you come out?" "Come out," replied the child; "why, I'd come out of the hole, miss!"

Little Master Roddy has been in the habit of putting his pennies into the box at Sunday school, till last Sunday, when he came running into the house in a breathless hurry and shouted: "Mamma! I shan't save up my pennies any more. The money don't go up to God! I saw Mr. Kelly take it and put it in his pocket!"

"I should like to have you raise a club," said a book canvasser to a daughter of Erin, as he stood on the front step." "I will," said Biddy, as she reached around behind the door, "but bad luck to your picture if you're lingering around here when I get it raised."

A PERPLEXED German who had made a garment for a youth, and found himself unable to dispose of the surplus fulness which appeared when trying it on the young candidate, declared vociferously that "De coat ish goot. It ish no fault of de coat. De poy ish too slim!"

## PUSSY AND BUNNY.

WE have read many strange stories about animals, but none more strange than the one we are about to tell you. Besides being strange, it is said to be true.

A lady, who was always kind to every thing that suffered, found a sick young rabbit in her flower-garden, and carried him into the house, where she put him on a soft rug by the fire, and took the best care of him that she could. The cat eyed the little stranger sharply, but the kind lady drove pussy away as often as she went near to bunny, for she feared that she would be naughty enough to spring upon him and kill him. But it happened that the lady was called suddenly to another part of the house, and forgetting bunny, left him in the room with no one but pussy. Strange to say, when she came back, she found pussy lying beside the little shivering rabbit, feeding and warming him, and taking as good care of him as she would of a young kitten. Soon pussy took the poor little fellow up by the neck, just as you often have seen a cat take a kitten, and carried him to her own warm basket and put him to bed there. She nursed him until he became strong and well, and then used to play with him as she would with a

kitten. Pussy and bunny long lived together in the same house and yard, and always were good friends.

Rabbits are pretty animals, full of play and easily tamed, but they do a great deal of mischief when allowed to run about our yards and gardens, for they destroy leaves and flowers, and even nibble bark from trees as high up as they can reach. In the picture on the opposite page, you see two rabbits in a strong cage made of wire. They are having a nice time, eating leaves which a little boy is giving them.

## WORDS TO THE YOUNG.

ALWAYS use your strength for the protection of the weak, — for children, the aged, the afflicted, and God's dumb creatures, as horses and dogs ; for even animals are his creatures. Remember that his eye sees you and them always ; and, if you try to do some service to any of his creatures he will observe it. Remember, too, that he is everywhere present, day and night ; and that if you are tempted by others to use bad language, or to indulge in evil acts, even if no person hears or sees you, God hears every word, and perfectly knows your every thought and action. — *Selected.*

FULLER said very beautifully, " He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces."

THOSE are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.

THE best way, as a rule, to preach down error, is to preach up truth.





For The Dayspring.

# WAIT A MINUTE.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



HENEVER Willie Barton was asked to do anything he invariably said, "Wait a minute."

If his papa informed him that it was eight o'clock and time for bed, he would reply, "Wait a minute, papa, I want to read just a little bit more."

Or if his mamma requested him to pass her the scissors his response would still be, "Wait a minute, mamma dear, just let me finish this."

This was a very bad habit for a little boy to acquire, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton tried to break him of it, but they found it very hard work. Still they talked and reasoned with him, trying to make him see the folly of his course.

Willie was a good boy, who loved his parents dearly, and always tried to obey them; so he would earnestly promise to overcome his fault. But the habit had become so fixed that he could not get rid of it at once.

And so matters went on. Willie continued to ask every one to "wait a minute" for him, until one day it brought him a great deal of sorrow and trouble.

He had a dear little sister, just three years old, of whom he was very fond. He was always willing to take care of and amuse her, and would wheel her about the yard and up and down the quiet street in her pretty carriage, calling "Whoa, gee up there!" until she would laugh and clap her little hands, crying, "Do it some more, Willie."

He was always kind and gentle to her, and his mamma often said to her friends,

"Willie is a great help to me, he takes care of baby so nicely."

This would make Willie very proud, just as the praise of your mamma does you, little reader.

He called his little sister "Dumpling," and as the name seemed to suit her plump face and form, her real name of Alice was seldom used.

"Isn't she a round dumpling of a darling, mamma?" Willie would say, holding her up in his strong, young arms.

"Yes, indeed she is," Mrs. Barton would reply, pausing in her work to bestow a kiss upon the pet.

One beautiful afternoon in spring, Mrs. Barton went into the city to buy some useful things for her children, promising to bring them some candy also if they were good.

Dumpling was left in the care of Willie, and for a long time he amused her by playing horse and ball in the yard. Then they dug in their little garden, told stories, and finally got into the hammock which hung on the piazza.

As they swung back and forth Willie sang, —

Sing! Swing!

Swing! Sing!

Back and forth we go.

Sing! Sing!

Swing! Swing!

Gayly to and fro.

The day was warm, and Dumpling had been playing hard. Soon her curly head began to droop, her little crooning voice died away, and she was sound asleep. Willie threw a netting over her to keep away the flies, and went into the house for a book.

He was soon deep in the adventures of the boy hero, and read on and on. He thought to himself, "I hope Dumpling

will sleep until I finish this. I guess she will." But just before he turned the last page, he heard a slight noise on the piazza, then Dumpling called "Willie!" and began to cry.

"Wait a minute" said Willie as usual, and went on with his reading. When he had finished the story he put the book down, saying, "that was prime," and went out to get his sister.

But she was nowhere to be seen; the hammock was empty, the netting dragging on the ground.

He ran round the garden calling "Dumpling! Dumpling!" but she did not answer. He went out into the street, but could see no one but his mother, who was approaching at a little distance.

Perhaps Dumpling had gone to meet her, and was hiding. He waited until Mrs. Barton was near the house, then asked, "Did you see Dumpling, mamma?"

"No," replied his mother, startled at once. "Isn't she with you?"

Then Willie told her that the baby had gone to sleep in the hammock, and that when he went to take her up she was nowhere to be found.

"Did you go to her as soon as she called?"

"No, ma'am," replied Willie, hanging his head. "I said 'wait a minute.' I was reading a very interesting book."

"That is no excuse for your neglect," responded Mrs. Barton, sadly. "You see that your 'wait a minute' has done a great deal of harm. But we must not stop to talk. As Dumpling could not get out of the hammock alone, I am afraid some one has carried her away."

Willie, almost beside himself with grief, ran for his papa, who, with kind neighbors, sought everywhere for the lost baby, but all was in vain.

About six o'clock they came in to get some food, and to decide upon the next step to be taken.

Willie could eat nothing; he crept up to his mamma as she sat looking sadly at the fast darkening sky.

"Mamma," sobbed he, "please forgive me! I will never say 'wait a minute' again."

"You must ask God to forgive you, my dear," said his weeping mother. "It is growing dark, what will become of my baby to-night?"

Willie looked up at the stars that were coming out one by one, and at the great silver moon which shed its beams on all around, and said, "Mamma, I think God will send back my little sister, although I was so naughty. I love her so that I think he will let us find her. I will be so good and thank him so much. See how bright the moon is growing! That is to help papa find Dumpling."

Mrs. Barton drew him closer to her side, feeling strangely comforted by his hopeful words, and thus they waited for the lost little one.

About nine o'clock Mr. Barton came in again to say they were going to try the mountain road and that he should probably not be home until morning, unless they were fortunate enough to find the child before that time.

At this moment Willie thought he heard the front gate click, and a stealthy step on the walk.

Bounding to the door he saw old "Sonny," as a harmless idiot of the town was called, approaching in the moonlight.

"Sonny, have you seen our Dumpling?" cried Willie. "Tell me quickly!"

Sonny began to chatter and laugh, and to draw the long cloak which he always wore winter and summer, more closely about him.



Mr. and Mrs. Barton both questioned him about their lost child. As he was in the habit of taking long walks by the side of the river and through the woods, they thought that he might have seen Dump-ling. But he would not speak, he only grinned and chuckled.

Convinced that he knew more than he was willing to tell, Mrs. Barton said pleasantly to him, "You must be very tired, Sonny, come in and sit down. I will give you some gingerbread and cheese."

Now Sonny was particularly fond of gingerbread and cheese, so he went willingly into the house.

Mrs. Barton brought him a large supply of his favorite food, the sight of which pleased him so much that he said, —

"Good woman, nice woman, show you something," and stepping under the chandelier he threw off his long cloak, and there they saw their little Dumpling sound asleep in his arms!

But she did not long remain so, for they snatched her from him and passed her about from one to the other, hugging and kissing their recovered treasure.

Willie was so overjoyed at her safety that his tears fell on her slumber-flushed face as he kissed it.

"Don't cry, Willie," she said. "I've come back," and she wiped his tears away with her little apron.

Sonny all this time was eating great pieces of gingerbread and cheese. When his appetite appeared to be satisfied, he was questioned and confessed that he had crept around the house that afternoon and finding Dumpling alone on the piazza, had determined to show her the place where the rainbow ended. This he thought was in a little lake on a hill near the village. So he took her from the hammock, stopped her cries, and carried her five miles to the lake

and back again. Ten miles was nothing to him, for he was very strong and accustomed to long walks.

He thought that he had done something very nice, and said, as he bade the family good night, "I'll come again, take baby 'nother walk."

"No, you won't," exclaimed Willie, when Sonny was out of hearing, "I'll take better care of her next time, and no one shall ever 'wait a minute' for me again."

He kept his word.

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### HONORING OUR PARENTS.

THERE is a beauty of meaning in the sacred command to honor father and mother. Young readers, do *you* honor your parents? How shall this command be best obeyed?

It means that children shall be tender, affectionate, obedient, and true. Let every child show love by doing something to prove it. Mere words are not enough. There will be constant attention to the wishes of parents, to their words, and to their interests. Greet them every morning with a cheerful word; and a kiss of grateful love would be a seal of precious worth. Don't neglect or forget the dear ones who have protected you in your helpless days, provided for all your needs, and loved you with such deep affection. Keep near your parents, study to help them, to comfort them, and to bless them by your best services. This is honor. O dear children! if you only knew what joy you could bring into your parents' hearts by *honoring* them, you would study every hour to do it. — *Selected.*

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THE greatest evils in life have had their rise from something which was thought of too little importance to be attended to. — *Bishop Butler.*

For The Dayspring.

## FALSE AND TRUE PRIDE.

BY A. J. H.



RIDE goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall. — "Willie" —

"Yes."

"Wasn't it too bad Washington's birthday came Sunday instead of in the week, so we could have a holiday? We won't have any vacation till April."

"Yes, but don't bother me; I'm trying to learn my verse and get my name on the 'Honor Roll' this month."

"Well, you better hurry then," continued Charley. "I learned mine at home. Here comes Miss Cooper now," he added, looking out the window, "I wonder what she puts that little red bow on her bag for."

"Because it looks pretty; I wish you wouldn't talk," responded Willie.

Charley jumped off the window-sill to greet some of the other boys who were just entering the class. For a few minutes there was a lively conversation about yesterday's ball game.

"My little boys are making too much noise for the Sunday School," said Miss Cooper, with a pleasant smile, putting down her books, and pulling off her gloves, "I hope you have all learned your texts as carefully as Willie seems to be learning his, for," continued she, "I want you *all* to have your names on our new 'Honor Roll.'"

The boys lowered their voices, and several of them took out their papers to be sure they had not forgotten the "Golden Text" on the way to Sunday School. Though her twelve boys sometimes tried her very much by not behaving very well,

still Miss Cooper used to say that she couldn't help liking them, for they had true little hearts, and meant to be good boys.

As the bell struck Miss Cooper remarked, "I hope you will behave like nice, quiet little boys, so I can tell you a little story after the lesson."

After the opening services had been completed, the minister said he would like to tell a story of Washington to illustrate that day's text; but as every teacher probably had time to relate also, he would not take up the time.

The boys drew their chairs close around Miss Cooper's seat, exclaiming "Oh! please, Miss Cooper, give us the story first."

But she shook her head kindly as she opened her "record book," "Lesson first, story afterward. How many of you little boys know what pride is?" continued she, closing her record book after a few minutes writing in it. There was no response to this question, so Miss Cooper went on. "There are two kinds of pride — or rather one is a false pride and the other a true pride. The one in your verse is a false pride, and I will first tell you what that means. It means a feeling that people sometimes have that they are a great deal nicer than the rest of the people in the world, or better, or more important, and so must not have any thing to do with these 'other people,' who very likely are the ones who do the most good in the world, knowing that the best way to be Christ-like is not to say or think you are a great deal better than other persons.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.' A haughty spirit is very nearly, what children call 'stuck up.' Now with grown people, as it is with children, when they see a man or boy with this false pride,

they try to destroy it by showing him that they don't miss him if he is not around, and never seem very glad when he joins them. Now when no one pays attention to these people, they find they must hide it, or let it fall from their character. Grown people use different words, but still in the end they really do what the boys do, 'knock it out of them,' or to use nicer words used by grown people, they destroy it. 'Destruction follows after false pride.' Now true pride is a very different thing, and every boy and girl should have it. It is a feeling that we are too nice to do, or say, any bad or unkind thing to any person or thing.

"There are a great many ways of showing this feeling. When you walk along the street, speak kindly to your little school-mate who is poorly dressed—because you are too nice to hurt his feelings. Right here let me tell a little story of Washington. You all know of course what a great general he was, and how he became President of the United States; in fact, he was the most important man in the country, and if any one *has* a right to be haughty *because* of a high office, he had. But you will see how he showed his pride. One day as he was riding on horse-back, with a friend, one of his servants (a black man) passed him, and as he did so he touched his hat to his master. Washington immediately touched *his*. As they rode on his friend asked why he touched his hat to a black man. Washington's answer was: 'I never allow any one to be more polite than I am.' What kind of pride was that?" asked Miss Cooper, looking at her boys.

"True pride," exclaimed several little voices.

"He was too nice to be impolite to any one," added Charley.

"I remember another story," continued Miss Cooper, "where he acted differently for the purpose of giving a lesson to an acquaintance, who was nearer his equal in society, but still, I guess, a person who had false pride, and wanted his own friends to think that he was so important that he could be free and easy, almost discourteous, to the great President. At a company, a dinner party, I think, this gentleman came up to Washington, and slapping him upon the shoulder, asked him some trivial question. Washington looked surprised and displeased at this lack of politeness in a gentleman who should have known better. He made no answer, but his silence was more of a reproach than any words could have been.

"Now can't one of you little boys tell me a story showing the difference between false and true pride?" asked Miss Cooper.

"Albert, you look as if you knew one."

"Well," said Albert, hesitating, "it isn't a story, it's just about something I did last week. I was all dressed up to spend the afternoon at Uncle William's and mamma wanted me to carry some potatoes to a poor woman, on my way. Of course the basket was a little dirty, so I made a fuss, and said they would soil my clothes, and at last promised to take them the next morning. But I have been thinking that it was not so much because I was afraid of soiling my clothes, as feeling I was too nice to carry it. Was that false pride, Miss Cooper?"

"I'm afraid it was," replied Miss Cooper. "How could you have shown true pride?"

"By being too nice to want to keep the poor woman waiting for her food," answered Albert, blushing.

"Yes," said Miss Cooper, "it was this true pride Jesus showed to his disciples



and to all who listened to him; but I'm sorry to say that his disciples of to-day, old and young, very often forget the example of their great teacher."

Here Miss Cooper was interrupted by the Rev. Mr. Brown, who requested the school to repeat the text in chorus, which they did.

"Children, do you all now understand what pride is?" inquired the minister.

"What kind of pride do you mean? Our teacher says there are two kinds," asked Charley, raising his hand and looking at the minister.

"Tell me what they both mean, my little man," said Mr. Brown kindly.

"False pride and true pride, and true means to be too nice to hurt anybody's feelings, as Jesus was, — and that's the kind I mean to have," added Charley, dropping into his chair.

"I hope *all* my little boys will have that and no other," said Miss Cooper — "and I think they will," she added quietly to herself as she glanced at their good little faces.

#### OLD PROVERBS.

"Of all the crafts, to be an honest man is the master craft."

"Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper."

"Cheating play never thrives."

"Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing."

"He that always complains is never pitied."

"He that will not be counselled cannot be helped."

DARE to change your mind, confess your error, and alter your conduct, when you are convinced you are wrong: it is manly, it is scriptural, it is right.

#### For The Dayspring.

#### JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

COME, listen, children, that you may see  
How very careful we ought to be  
In condemning the faults that lie over the way,  
That they are not brought to *our* door some day.  
A story I once heard a lady tell,  
May serve to illustrate my meaning well;  
And I tell it to you as 'twas told to me,  
In a quaint old town by the sounding sea.  
This lady's home was a quiet place  
Of orderly neatness, and quiet grace,  
No children had ever been sent to bless  
Or disturb the rooms in their quietness;  
No litter, no lisping of childish lips,  
No broken dolls, nor jack-knives, nor chips.  
This lady went out from her home one day,  
To buy some articles over the way,  
Thinking, of course, there ought to be found  
In the grocery store where she was bound,  
Every thing orderly, clean, and neat,  
If she was expected their goods to eat.  
While waiting there her observing eye  
A long, brown cobweb chanced to spy,  
Which she was terribly shocked to see,  
And in her disgust she thought that she  
Could never again buy groceries there,  
Her purchases must be made elsewhere.  
And so she went to her orderly home,  
Filled with the thoughts of the wrath to come  
On the unsuspecting grocer's head,  
Who was doing his best to earn his bread.  
She laid aside her bonnet and shawl,  
And opened the door to a dark, back hall,  
Where the slanting rays of the sun shone in,  
Displaying a long, black, dirty thing  
Which hung from the ceiling, provokingly near  
That good dame's eyes, — she saw it clear.  
"What's that?" she exclaimed, "a cobweb here!  
Right over my nose, almost touching my face,  
When I thought my home such an orderly place!  
I'm thankful that grocer didn't know  
How I stood at his counter and blamed him so,  
For now I should feel in duty bound  
To go back and acknowledge what I had found.  
It will be a good lesson, I confess,  
One I shall always remember, I guess,

To remove the beam that so near me lies,  
 Ere I search for the mote in another's eyes."  
 Thus I give you the story as given to me,  
 In that quaint old town by the sounding sea.

E. H. P.

## SERVICES FOR EASTER.

THE Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society has published an Easter Festival Service, prepared by Rev. Brooke Herford of Chicago. It is designed for adults as well as children, and is judiciously selected and arranged. Price, two dollars per hundred copies.

The February number of "Good Times," published by T. W. Bicknell, 16 Hawley Street, Boston, contains a dialogue on Easter customs, and twelve selections of poetry suitable for an Easter concert exercise. Price, fifteen cents per copy.

"The Dayspring" for March contains a very pretty Easter Exercise for ten little children. Price, twenty-five cents per dozen copies.

All the above publications are for sale by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

THE March number of the "Sunday-School Lessons" contains Lessons XXVII.-XXX. of the series on the Teachings of Jesus. The titles of the Lessons for this month are: "Jesus at the Publican's Feast," "Jesus and the Sabbath," "Jesus and the Customs of his Day," and "The Heart the Source of Sin." Early in May the whole series, containing forty-three Lessons, will be published in a handsome volume, uniform with the Sunday-School Lessons on the Old Testament. The ninth series of Lessons, to begin in September next, will be on the Life of Jesus.

A single bad habit, in an otherwise faultless character, as an ink-drop, soileth the pure white page.

## Puzzles.

## CHARADE.

My first is the time,  
 For work and for play.  
 What is the word now,  
 Tell me, who will say?

When you've need of drink,  
 To my second go;  
 There you'll ever find,  
 Nectar sweet, I know.

My whole is near you,  
 As my rhyme you read;  
 And you will guess it,  
 If you give good heed.

L. L. B.

## RIDDLE.

Run, run, over and over;  
 Outside and under cover.  
 Run, run, in and out,  
 Here and there and all about.  
 Run, run, none can beat you;  
 But in the autumn I will eat you.

M. F. B.

## SQUARE WORD.

1. An island in the Mediterranean Sea. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A stratagem. 4. A plain surface.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY  
NUMBER.

## ENIGMA No. 1.

Pottawatamies.

## ENIGMA No. 2.

Afghanistan.

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . 30 cents.  
 Four copies to one address . . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

PAYMENT INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.

University Press : John Wilson &amp; Son, Cambridge.